ART EXHIBITION CATALOGUES REPUBLISHED ON MICROFICHE

Published on microfiche by:

Chadwyck-Healey Ltd
21 Bateman Street
Cambridge CB2 1NB
England

Somerset House
417 Maitland Avenue
Teaneck, NJ 07666
USA

Date of publication and production of master: 1976

Series: The purposes of this series is to make available those catalogues that have lasting interest through their text or their illustrations. Catalogues and cumulations of titles in the series are available from the publishers.

Serial numbers: Each title is identified by a seven-figure serial number placed in the top right hand corner of the microfiche title strip. The first figure indicates the number of the list in which the title first appears. The first three-figure group signifies the gallery or museum; the second three-figure group the accession number for that title.

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Location of original: The National Art Library, Victoria & Albert Museum, London.

Technical data:

Producing laboratory: Micromedia Ltd, Kidlington, Oxford, England.

Note:

Some text and illustrations are lost through tight binding. This is a problem which we regret we have found unavoidable since we are only filming at the Victoria and Albert Museum those catalogues that cannot be found in other London locations.

General

78.N.

MARINO

MARINI

MARINO MARINI

October 27 – November 21
1953

CURT VALENTIN GALLERY

32 EAST 57 STREET · NEW YORK 22

[33]

MARINO MARINI

Speaking of Marino is embarking in the path of a rocket: you can follow its course, but you cannot come abreast of it. There are no furrows, no tracks, but only pure motion—fluid evolution into space, like the unknown potential of a secret weapon. Marino is self-contained and closed, open and free, revealing the sensibilities of his rich and exuberant soul.

He was born on the shore of the Mediterranean, ancient land with precious veins, where the sand and the rocks drink in the sunlight, and where the sun disports itself in its fierce glory.

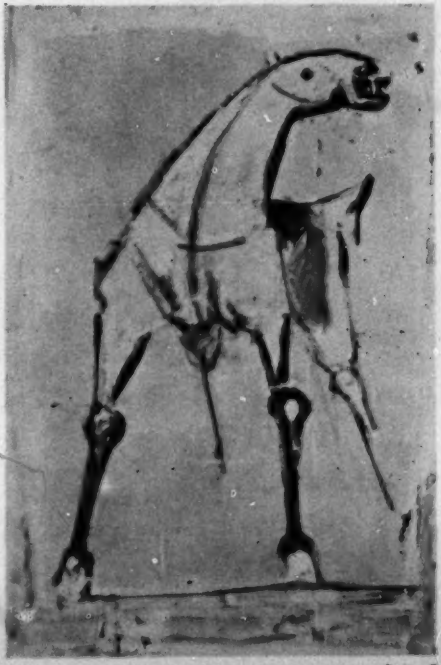
L.254.
9.IV.1953.

The salty air moves over this dry earth, molding the old stones into thousands of forms; mellowing the olive trees; shaping the giant cypresses; recalling the squalid grey of the landscape; insisting on love of the land, the serene shadow of Giotto, the voice of the naked humanity of Masaccio and of the troubled Pisano.

Marino drank in the sun like the soil of his native land.

Under the giant ceiling of the sky, superb cherubs generate widely-scattered stars over vast space. A seed germinates in its pod; fruit ripens in its own milk; this is the particular simplicity of great things. It is like unimpaired light over an unimpaired body.

It is like a strange sigh. In this patent, unblemished stupor, he was enriched by the language of his ancestors, who lie in ancient tombs now in ruins, or cast up by the waves, or lined along golden roads: the salty waves, the marble, the heat of centuries. He is like the Mediterranean tide that recalls the brilliance of the remote civilization of extinct races: level-minded in his ardor and the fire of his fantasy.



He had to mold his burning potentialities into a valor both concise and definitive.

His initial work is the episodic humanity of "Popolo," the vast solemn architecture of the rhythmic "Ersilia," the pulsation of the red blood of the young "Veneri." The wood, the stone, the compact concrete mass are the architectonic temple, the physical structure of the work in germination. Here the

Battersea Park, London 1951

iron digs, tears, scratches, vivifies: behind all this is Marino, dynamic and urgent: pure motion, pure thought.

While he works, and the burning work takes shape from every angle, primordial thoughts cross the mind; nearing the abyss, nearing him, reserved and silent with a kind of tenseness in his features and in his burning soul, among the beings he has created. His work is a symphony of transcendant stars.

The total acclaim granted his salon at the Venice Biennale in 1952 will always remain. Marino's iron architecture integrates itself into the beauty of open space; it emanates power. The static is motion, the silent is vibration.

At times, there is a hushed accent, like a sudden resolution, unforeseen, tight and firm. Such is the sudden and dry gesture of the powerful "Pomona," or of "Giudatta," burning in the complexities of a cadenza. The poetry of humanity blazes in its portrayal, trembles in the mute drama of the hero of "Miracolo," and permeates "Arcangelo." The intricacies of "Icaro" are in reality terse phrases and obvious poetry—the sufferings of broken circus clowns.

From warm-blooded creatures under sunny skies, surrounded by light, to the crystallized heroes of a nightmare—dramatic chapter of a finished tragedy that moulds two creatures, Marino finds release from the dolorous human grief of being chained to earth but explod-

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ing into space. Free expression, pure sentiment, culminating in the ululations of a giant lone beast!

A vast musical scale, composed of the harmonies of the light pace of mute dancers, silently sonorous.

—SINAGRA

Translated from the Italian

I do not think that space is a problem. I do not believe that it is necessary for the artist to preoccupy himself with more or less ephemeral, constantly changing theories.

The artist attempts to create a work of art; and if he succeeds, it is because his inspiration and the docility of his hand in following his inspiration necessarily bring about a solution of the problem. Besides, if there were a problem, it would be different for each new work.

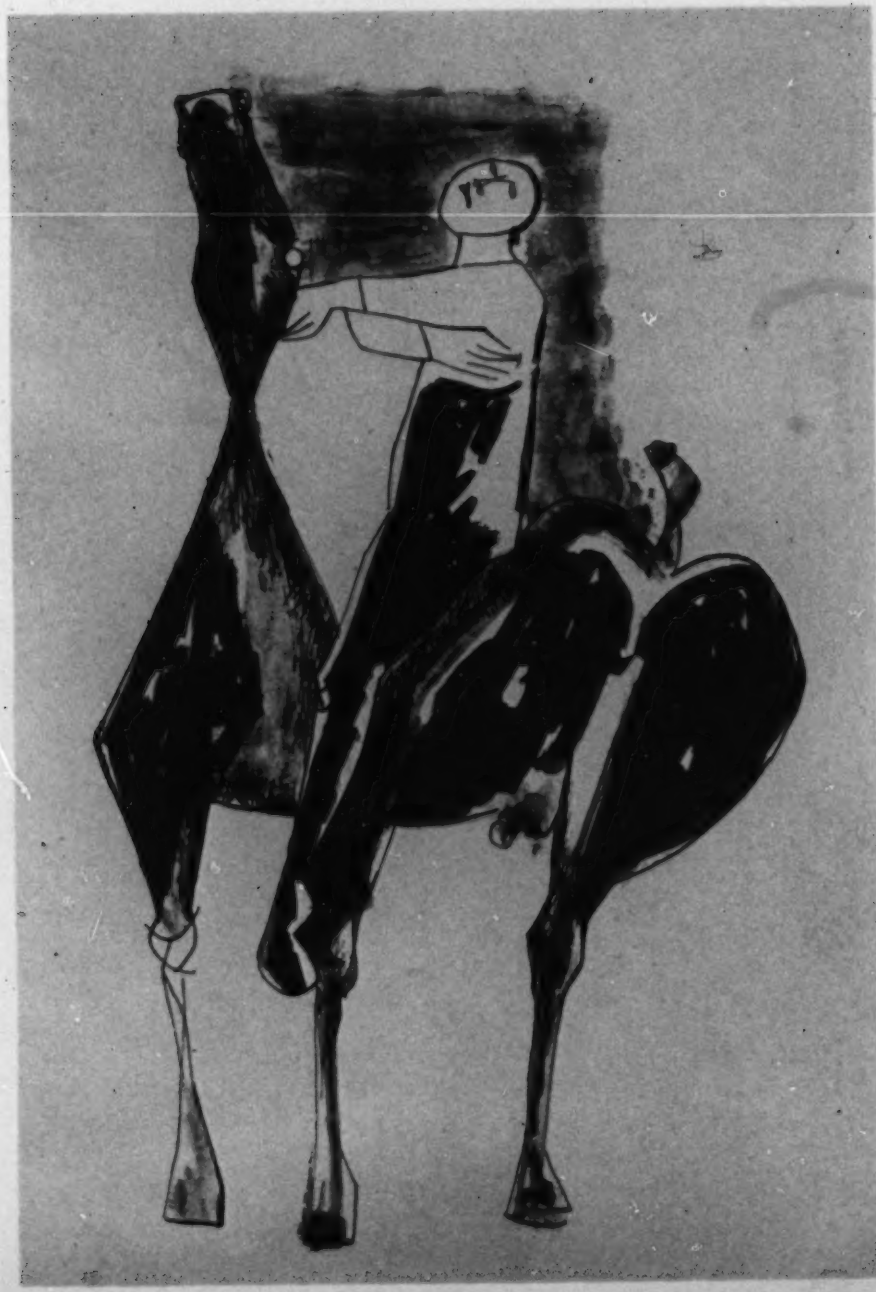
I do not make any distinction between abstract and figurative sculpture, provided it is really sculpture in either case. What matters above all is the quality of a work of art. As for myself, since I am a Mediterranean, I can ex-

Four lithographs
Cat. No. 48-51

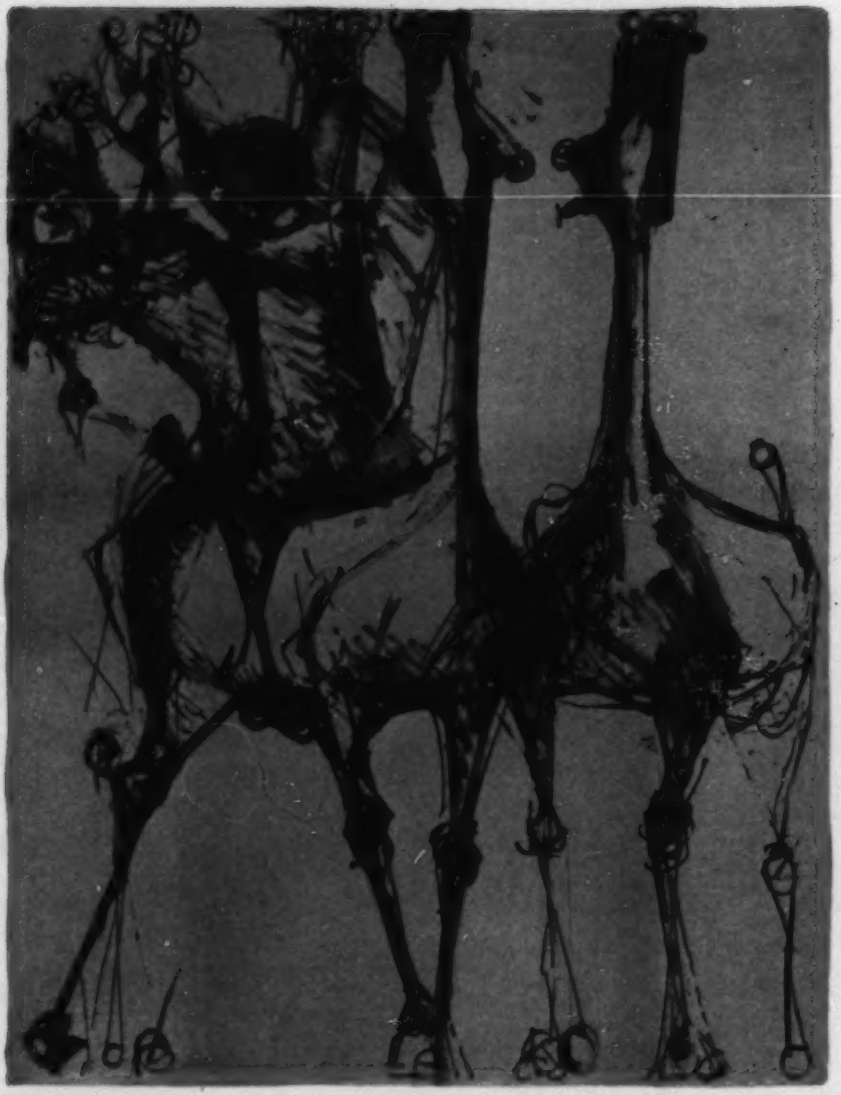
Lithograph *26x20"*

Lithograph *26 x 20"*

LIBRARY



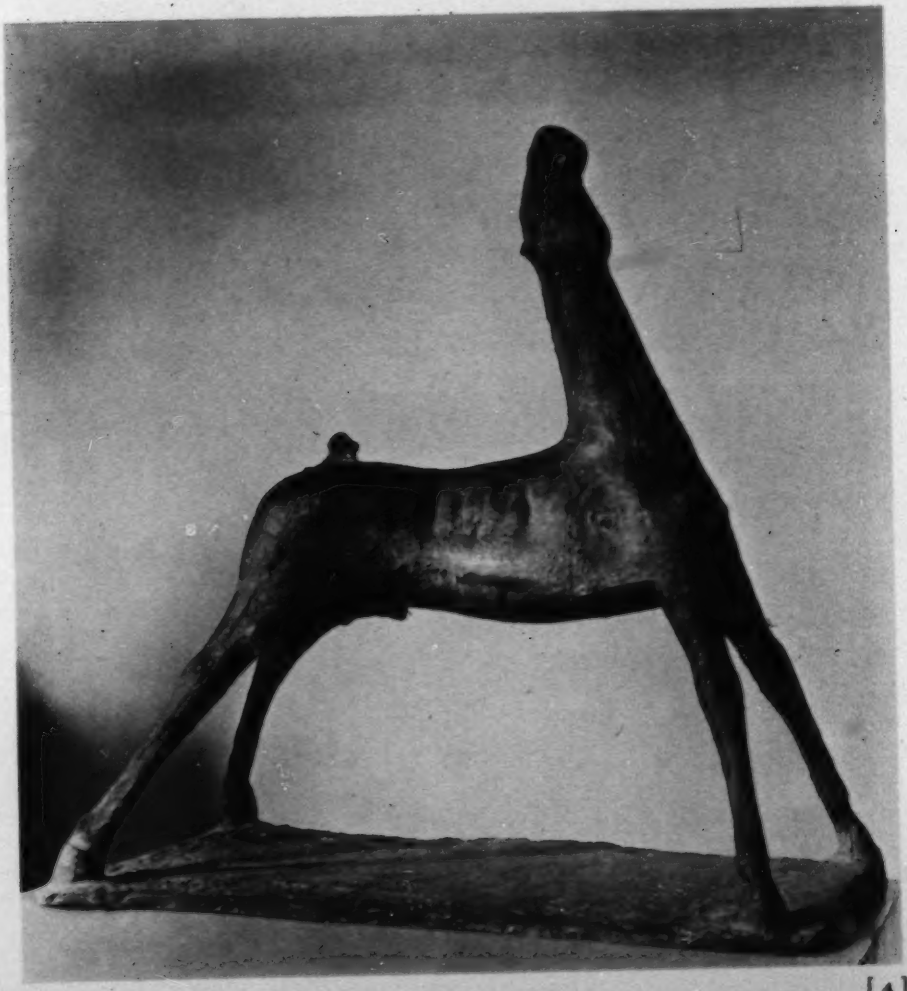
Lithograph **26x20"**



Lithograph *26 x 20"*

press myself freely only through the human. But I accept and admire every other form of expression, provided the artist succeeds in transmitting his message through it. A match may be more moving than a Doric column, but it would be absurd to concede a priori that a box of matches might constitute a message on the same level as the Parthenon.

MARINO MARINI



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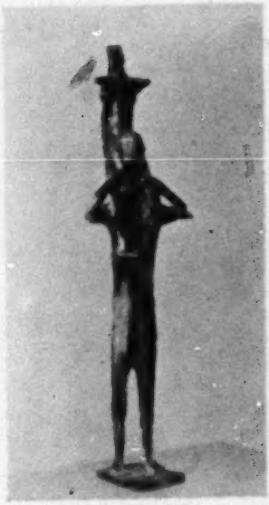

[14]

[15]

[18]

CATALOGUE

BRONZES

1942

[1] *Horse*
H. 27¾"

[2] *Susanna II*
H. 23¼"

1949

[3] *Horse and Rider*
H. 71"

1950-1953

[4] *Horse*
H. 45¾"

[5] *Igor Stravinsky*
H. 9"

[6] *Horse and Rider*
H. 22"

[19]

[16]

[17]

[7] *Horse and Rider*
H. 19"

[8] *Horse and Rider*
H. 47½"

[9] *Juggler*
H. 61"
Lent by Richard Avedon

[10] *Horse and Rider*
H. 16½"

[11] *Four Horses*
Relief. 15¾ x 15¾"

[12] *Horse*
H. 16¼"
Lent by Mrs. Gertrude Lenart

[13] *Dancer*
H. 59"

[14] *Jugglers*
H. 19½"

[15] *Juggler with Rope*
H. 16¾"

[16] *Juggler with Raised Arms*
H. 17½"

[17] *Juggler*
H. 17"

[18] *Juggler with Short Rope*
H. 17¾"

[19] *Dancer*
H. 17½"

[20] *Horse*
H. 18¼"

[21] *Dancer*
H. 60"

[22] *Horse*
H. 19"
Lent by Alfred Jaretzki, Jr.

[23] *Portrait*
H. 9½"

[24] *Horse and Rider*
H. 9½"

PLASTER

[25] *Horse and Rider*
H. 36½"

OILS

[26] *Acrobats and Horse*
39½ x 28"

[27] *Acrobat and Horse*
39½ x 28"

[28] *Acrobat and Horse*
39½ x 28"

[29] *Acrobats and Horse*
39½ x 28"

[30] *Acrobat and Horse*
39½ x 28"

[31] *Acrobats and Horses*
39½ x 28"

[2]

[32] *Horse*
59 x 39"

DRAWINGS

[33-47]

LITHOGRAPHS

[48-53]

The following museums in this country own sculpture by Marini: Cincinnati Art Museum, Cincinnati Ohio. Blanden Memorial Gallery, Ft. Dodge, Iowa. Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecticut. University of Nebraska Art Galleries, Lincoln, Nebraska. The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Portland Museum of Art, Portland, Oregon. San Francisco Museum of Art, San Francisco, California.

Collated
M.M.B.
11. 11.'53